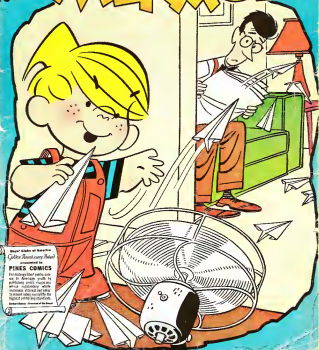


# Dennis *The* MENACE



0c



Never made of America  
Golden Award copy Award  
presented to

**PINES COMICS**

For the past 10 years we  
have been publishing  
the finest quality  
comic books in  
the world. Our  
books are published  
by the  
Golden Award  
presented to  
the  
Golden Award  
presented to

# Dennis THE MENACE



"ALL THE GROWN PUPILS IS PROPER!!!"



"HOW THIRD, BOY? HE'S BEEN EATING FOR GORING ALL DAY!"

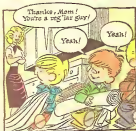
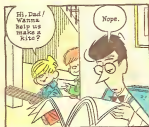


"SO AN' MOTHER WINGS IN THERE?"

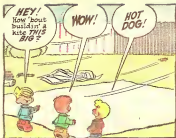


"WHEW, BOY! I cooked 'em blazin' an' more. More I THANK I AIN'T BAY 'EM FOR CE TURKEY!"

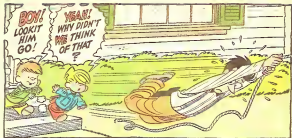
DENNIS THE MENACE is a magazine published bi-weekly and cheap at 19¢ by Holt as Publications, Inc., 542 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. All rights reserved. Victor K. Dine, Vice President and Advertising Director, Dept. Publications, Inc., 17 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. is fully copy righted material. (make all remittances payable to Holt as Publications, Inc.) Printed on unrecycled paper at the Top Office of the Holt as Publications, Inc. In subscribing with \$1.00 per copy plus \$1.00 for shipping and Post Office postage. Entered as second-class matter on the Post Office at New York, N. Y. in 1957. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: If you cannot get this magazine at your local post office, please contact your local post office, if any. Name of all subscribers used in editorial stories and articles are fictitious. If the names of any living people or living characters are used, it is a coincidence. Manuscripts and drawings that are accepted will be accepted, will be published and are returned to the sender in care of the Editor, 17 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Printed at Top Office, N. Y.

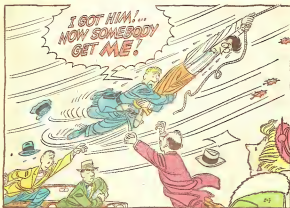


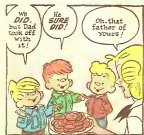
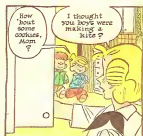
LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY A COMIC MAGAZINE.  
IT GUARANTEES QUALITY AND WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT.









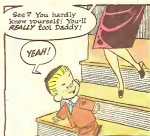
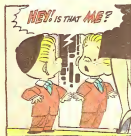




# A CLOTHES CALL!







My name's  
**MARGARET**..  
what's yours?

Er..er...



**EARL?** It just  
suits you! It's good  
to have a nice little  
boy around here  
for a change.

Yeah?  
I mean..  
yes?



You know  
any other boys  
around here?

Oh, yes.  
There's  
Tommy,  
and Billy,  
and Joey,  
and Punky,  
and Jackie.

Is that  
all? No other  
boys?

Well..there  
**IS** one named  
Dennis. But I  
keep him a  
secret.



You do?  
Why?

Because  
he's going to  
marry me!



**MARRY  
YOU  
???**

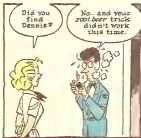
Oh.. **YES!**  
But he doesn't  
know it yet!





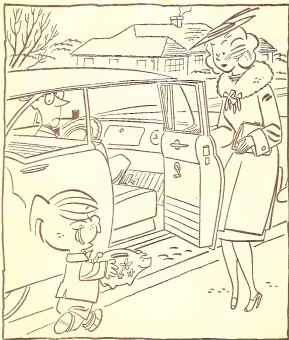






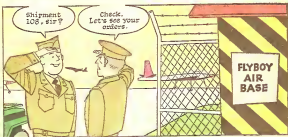


# TIME TO *Color*



"I THOUGHT I'D PASS IT AROUND IN CHURCH."

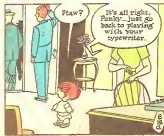












# one thousand DOCTORS



"COMON DAD, let's go for a ride, huh?"

Highway Patrolman Frank Adams lowered his newspaper and grinned at his son Joe. "This is my day off," he told him. "I drive a Patrol car six days a week, remember?"

Joe could see the headline of the story he was reading: HIT-RUN DRIVER STILL SOUGHT. And he could hear the low murmur of music from the radio beside his father's easy chair, a program that featured spot news.

Then Mr. Adams came into the room with a dustcloth. "Why don't you and Joe go out?" she asked. "I'd like to do my dusting, and you're both in the way."

"Well, all right," Mr. Adams said reluctantly. "I can always check into Headquarters by phone."

As they took off in the car, Joe was glad he was able to get his father out of the house, even for a little while. Yesterday, a little boy about his own age, Sammy Burke, had been knocked down by a hit and run driver and was now in the hospital, unconscious.

No one had caught the license number of the car and there were only vague descriptions of it. Along with other members of the Patrol, Joe's Dad had worked far into the night, attempting to trace the car, and took his regular day off today only after his Captain had ordered him to. He hated all hit and run drivers, and the fact that the victim was a little boy like Joe made him even more determined that the driver should be caught.

He leaned forward and switched on the car radio just in time to catch the end of a newscast: "... still no trace of the car. Meanwhile, Sammy Burke is still unconscious at Mercy Hospital. He keeps murmuring over and over, 'A thousand doctors... a thousand doctors', but police and Highway Patrol officers are baffled as to what this means."

"A thousand doctors!" Mr. Adams repeated. "He's got plenty of doctors at the hospital. It can't be that. It must be something to do with the car that hit him, but what, what?"

His knuckles were white as he gripped the steering wheel, and his eyes were grim and purposeful as he scanned every car they passed for some slight indication that it had hit someone.

"Take it easy, Dad!" Joe said. "The boy will wake up soon, and then he can tell you anything he knows about the car."

"And by that time, it could be somewhere across the country. No, I want to know now. I want to see the person who could knock down a little boy and leave him!"

He pulled over to the curb and left Joe to go into a drugstore. Joe could see him in the telephone booth, talking earnestly. But when he came out, Joe could see by his face that there was no news of the car, that nobody had been able yet to figure out what "a thousand doctors" meant.

As they drove along, Joe tried to think of some way to take his father's mind off the case. It was his day off, and he needed to rest and relax before he went on his next tour of duty. Then Joe had an idea.

"See, Dad, the kids are playing a new game of license plates. Want me to show you how it goes?"

"Can-ten," his father said absently.

"Well, take the license on that car up there, MTN 4884. You try to make a word out of MTN. M has to be the first letter, and T can be anywhere in the middle of the word, and N has to be the last letter, see? Go ahead, Dad, you're a good speller. Make a word out of MTN!"

"Well, let's see. Humm, I just can't seem to think of one."

"Aw, that's an easy one! How about 'mountain'? Get it? Mountain T-a-n-K. Now try the car coming this way, the plate says MDR."

"That's easy," Mr. Adams said grimly. "Meadow."

Joe's heart sank. He knew he hadn't taken his father's mind off the case, after all. But still, he had to keep on trying.





They were outside town now, on the highway, and there weren't so many cars. Then one passed them, as Mr. Adams automatically glanced at his speedometer, checking the other driver's speed, Joe said: "Now it's my turn. That plate was MDS." And he chuckled. "How about doctors?"

"Doctors?" his father said sharply. "What do you mean?"

And Joe realized that he had only reminded his father of the case he was trying to help him forget.

"It's just a joke, Dad," he explained. "Some of the kids try to say 'doctors' is a good word to make out of MDS, because doctors are M.D.s, see?"

"Quick!" his father snapped. "Did you catch the number that went with the MDS?"

"Well, yes, it was an easy one. 1000."

Then, even as his father gunned the motor and the car leaped ahead, it hit Joe. MDS 1000 — a thousand doctors! That's what Sammy Burke kept saying. He must have known the license plate game, too, and this must be the car that hit him!

Screaming around a curve, they caught sight of the car they were chasing. At the same time, the driver up ahead must have spotted them racing toward him, and his car sped up, too. But slowly, Mr. Adams gained on the other car, his mouth hard, his eyes grim and intent.

Hanging onto his seat, Joe had another

thought. His father was off duty, unarmed! What if the driver up ahead had a gun? Even if they did manage to stop him. . .

Then he heard a faint wail behind them, and turned. He grinned with relief when he saw the familiar black and white of a Patrol car bearing down on them with red lights flashing. They would recognize his Dad's license number, follow him and help him! When he turned back to the road, they were almost up to the car ahead. Slowly, they pulled alongside.

"Down, Joe!" his father ordered. "There may be trouble."

And so Joe only felt, and didn't see, their car sway over in front of the other car, heard the rasp of metal as the cars met, and then the tug of the brakes as both cars ground to a halt.

He peered over the door just in time to see his father yank the driver from his seat as the two other Patrol men came running up, hands on their guns.

"I didn't know I did it!" the driver mumbled.

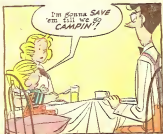
"Didn't know you did what?" Mr. Adams demanded. "That does it, fellows. Take him down to headquarters."

Back in the car, Mr. Adams slumped in relief for a moment, then turned and grinned at Joe.

"Good thing you knew that license plate game, Joe. Let's play it on the way home. I'm sorry I wasn't so good at it before, but I had another game on my mind — the one I play every day. Hide-and-seek!"

# DENNIS..

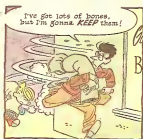
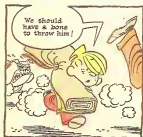
# The CAMP SCAMP





















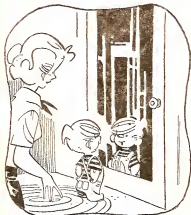
# Dennis THE MENACE



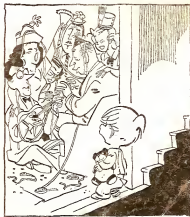
"WHY WON'T MY NOSE SHUT OFF?"



"WHERE DID YA EVER SEE A BETTER LOOKIN' DOG THAN RUFF? GO ON, TELL ME WHERE?"



"MRS TAYLOR SAYS I GOT A CUTE SMILE."



"SAY, DO YOU PEOPLE KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?"

